

# Maxwell's Crossing

A LITERARY AND FINE ARTS PUBLICATION PRESENTED BY THE *Shelton State Courier*



Volume 5, Number 1

Courier Issue 125

December 7, 2004—January 18, 2005

## Spot of Time

*A Personal Essay*

By **Andrea Carver**,  
a Shelton graduate

I have been inspired by the sunrise, calmed by the sound of the ocean, and amazed by the secret world hidden beneath every overgrown magnolia tree.

The truth and beauty of nature have never been a stranger in my life. Very little of my childhood was spent indoors as I preferred to roam the cedar forest surrounding my home to watching television and playing video games.

As a child, I found myself in a constant state of awe, inspired by every living thing

See **Time**  
Page 6

## Welcome Back, Janie



By **Augusta Tallows**, a Shelton student

*A short story  
about the South*

By **Augusta Tallows**,  
a Shelton student

The singlewide trailer had last year's Christmas string of lights placed non-strategically across the back yard, criss-crossing near everyone's head. The lights could be seen from the top of the hill on the main road just before arriving at the driveway. The light, plus a bonfire looming larger than the home, made quite an impressive glow in the valley below.

Arriving at the trailer, only the faint beam of a 35-watt yellow light bulb over the

See **Janie**  
Page 4



Photo/ **Jim Kenny**

## That Is Why We Say "I Do"

*A Wedding Poem*

By **Jim**, a Shelton administrator, & **Julie Kenny**

May 1, 2004

The sky is blue or gray; the wind is still or blowing  
The day may be ideal or dreadful; perhaps in May it's snowing  
The azaleas could still be in bloom, or every petal scattered.  
The clothes we chose to wear today could be fine--or tattered.  
Today it's love makes the world go 'round and true

See **A Wedding Poem**  
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## Inside The Crossing

- Literary publication and car trader  
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- Surviving disaster with God's help  
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- A coach's tale... page 2
- And much more!



Look for the sales, discount coupons and special notices in the Courier's ads. For advertising information, call 391-2278.



## Old Bryce



By Ashley Brown, a Shelton student

## Sensual



By Tammy Anita Rice,  
former Shelton student

## Nightlines



By Katie Garrett, a Shelton student

## His Love

By Susan Coker, maiden name of a  
Shelton administrator

His love if ever-flowing  
Like a cool, mountain stream  
His love is sweet and peaceful  
Like a midnight dream

His love is never ending  
Like the constant rolling tide  
His love is like my shadow  
Being always at my side  
His love is in abundance  
There's enough for all who need  
His love will come into our heart  
If his call we heed

His love is strong and sturdy  
Like a stately, old, oak tree  
His love is sent from heaven  
To protect and care for me

I thank him each and every day  
For this gift from up above  
And pray that others might thru me  
See his boundless love.

## Tell Me, Little Sister

By James Crawford,  
a Shelton graduate

Tell me  
Little sister  
When we were young  
Did I make you cry  
For reason now  
I know not why

How did I, your brother dear  
Cause the hurt I now see in you

Tell me please  
So I will know  
How else to ease the hurt  
I once did sow

A bond of blood  
The thickest by far  
But not as thick  
As a painful scar

A different man  
I now claim to be  
No longer the child  
You once did see

I hope to mend  
The rift I made  
Your forgiveness and understand-  
ing  
I hope will be made...

## The Story My Old Coach Used to Tell

By Kareem McNeal,  
a Shelton instructor

There was an All-American high school football player.

He played center. Their team was playing in the biggest game of their season in order to get to the championship playoff game.

It was on the fourth quarter and their team was behind.

On a second down play in the game the center hurt his thumb pretty bad where he had trouble holding on to the ball.

This affected his ability to snap the ball. So the coach

asked him if he could play and he told the coach he didn't know because his thumb was hurt pretty bad.

On the defensive side of the ball the starters were getting pretty banged up. Their best defensive lineman they had was seriously hurt and was taken out of the game.

The backup for that lineman was a sophomore, really skinny and was not that athletic and his name was Willie.

What he didn't have athletically he made up for with how hard he played.

He was playing his heart out for team and he broke his pinky finger to the point it was

hanging by its skin.

Willie wanted to play so bad that he didn't want to come out of the game.

Coach saw his finger and told him, son you can't play like that.

Willie looked at him and said coach I can do it. and he tucked his finger in his hand and kept playing.

At this point of the story coach asked our team of we were going be Willie (he held up his pinky) or are you going to be the thumb (he held out his thumb).

After the story we held up our pinky in the fourth quarter as our battle call.

## Shelton State Courier

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**Dr. Jim Kenny**  
business manager  
**Amy P. Oswalt**

The *Shelton State Courier* is a campus newspaper, written and produced with the help of students.

Among other functions, it is intended as a vehicle for student expression, and all students are urged to participate with submissions of written and artistic material.

The college seeks to fulfill the statement for academic freedom in

working with the students in the production of this paper.

All publications are subject to review by the Publications Action Group, which has been delegated the responsibility to review all college publications for content and accuracy.

The *Courier* is an equal opportunity employer and student organization. All students are encouraged to participate.



# Thoughts on the Subject of Love

By SS4-Lynk, a Shelton student

**Love:** Webster defines love as: strong affection for another, arising out of kinship or personal ties. That's not what I mean. I'm talking about (love) the basis of



all feelings. The kind of love for a person that drives you so insane, and yet, at the same time, fills you with a deep sense of peace. I want the love they only show in movies (Of course, maybe that's why we only see it in the movies; maybe it doesn't exist). Well, that's bull\*\*\*\*!! Love is everywhere, it's all around us; we just need to open our eyes. Sometimes it's hard to imagine this world is capable of producing such a thing, but it is. I

believe in love, not Webster's version of love, but true love—love that is felt in every fiber of the body, and fills you with an indescribable amount of happiness. I believe in love, but what the hell do I know: I'm just some loser with a pencil.

the punch we've been dying to taste

By Chris McNac, a Shelton student

as i stood in the line  
under the big crimson cross,  
i figured it fitting that  
salvation's only mine at a loss.  
of blood, of money, of dignity  
insurance in case i fall.  
we're just pawns in their zealous game,  
and i think i'll go home with them all.  
and i remember feeling alone  
in the stench of the rower's deck,  
chained to my friends with an oar  
and bound at the neck.  
and they passed around a plate  
and in their lies they promised us  
the punch we've been dying to taste.  
just anything to swallow that faith.  
so, turn in your hymnals to the back of the pew.  
escape to your cars,  
where threats can't bother you.  
the praises you're singing, i'm afraid,  
just aren't reaching the gates of his estate.  
but your donations have not been in vain,  
your divine microphone should be arriving today.



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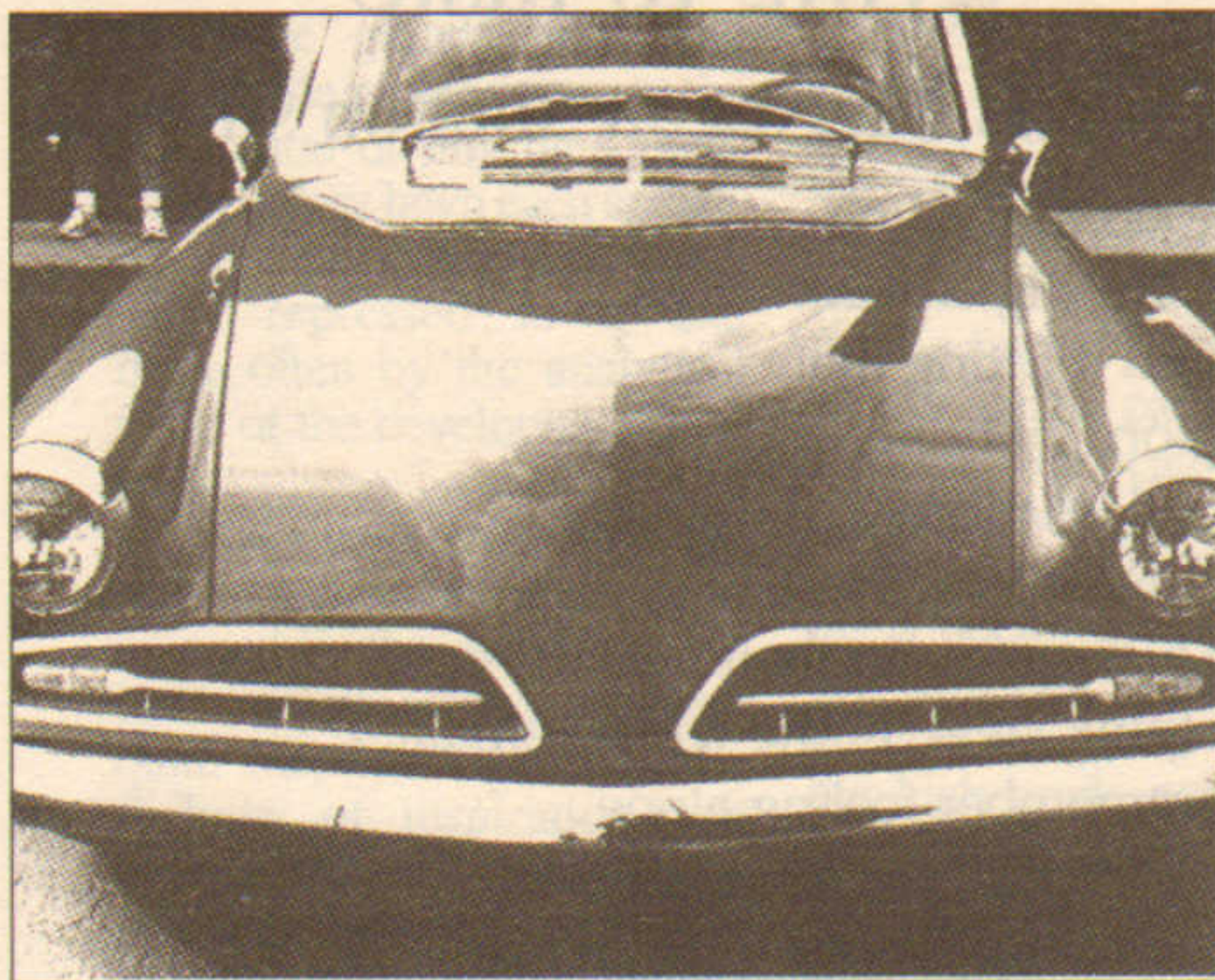
SHELTON STATE  
COMMUNITY COLLEGE



69 South



# Heavy Chevy



By  
**Roderick  
Dedrick,**  
a  
Shelton  
student

**Janie**

From Page 1

front door welcomed the partygoers. The vehicles quickly filled the small front yard and spilled out onto the half-mile dirt driveway.

Rounding the corner into the back yard, each person appeared to do a quick bob-and-weave becoming entertainment for a small group of boozed men who were beginning to make bets on when the lights would fall to the ground or catch some poor tall soul by the neck. Someone was close to winning five dollars.

The low was projected to be 87 degrees that evening, yet the bonfire scorched everything within thirty feet. Two men, making sure to keep hold of their beer, grabbed wooden crates, sprinted to within ten feet of the blaze and hurled the wood at it. They then bolted even faster away from the fire. Over and over they piled on the wood, creating such heat that the crowd of people began moving closer and closer towards the trailer. Next to the inferno, a water hose stood ready to trickle on the flames if it worked its way out of its designated circle of grass and fifty-foot pines.

Too close to the bonfire, a strand of lights was swaying back and forth from the heat and getting dangerously close to being burned apart. But no worries to the crowd; this became another point of interest to the thirty something people in the yard. The alcohol appeared to make the crowd fond of fire's destructive properties. And if electrical wires were in the way, that was all the better.

On the wooden porch, which was just big enough to hold two small children, two large men crouched down staring at the screen of a karaoke machine. They fumbled with the microphone of the machine and attempted to keep up with the beat of a rap song while the verses quickly passed them by. The people, who had now clustered into groups of four and five, even closer to the trailer now, attempted to boo them off of their

wobbly stage to no avail.

The centerpiece was a four-foot tall plastic Budweiser tub that held two kegs tightly packed in ice. As one guy pumped the top of the keg, two girls ran up with their plastic cups, giggling at him. His muscles bulged slightly as he primed the keg. He looked down at his biceps. Giving the girls a wink and a goofy grin, he filled their cups from the tap, making sure no foam lingered at the top.

"Thanks," said the girls in unison, still giggling.

"Anytime ladies."

Just at that moment, a girl threw the door open from inside the trailer, nearly knocking the wanna-be rappers off of the porch. Being only annoyed by the guys, and their turn from rapping to cussing her, she jerked the microphone away and called for everyone's attention.

The crowd hushed, and all turned her way with perma-grins shining. One guy hollered admiring her short skirt and low-cut t-shirt.

"I just want everyone to know that I do not want to hear anyone else calling anybody else a slut! It's mean and it's wrong."

The crowd remained silent waiting for the punch line. But this was all she said. The crowd had turned back to their conversations when another guy picked up the microphone and announced that he, on the other hand, was a whore and that he was also very, extremely proud of it. Thus the punch line was finally delivered.

"I just wanted everyone to know where I stand, and if any of the ladies would like to find out in person, please see me," he said holding his beer up as if to toast himself.

Cheers came with his announcement along with much agreement and high fives from the males.

The girl who didn't like to be called a slut was oblivious to the guy. She stood amongst the crowd discussing her new undies and pulling up her skirt to show them off.

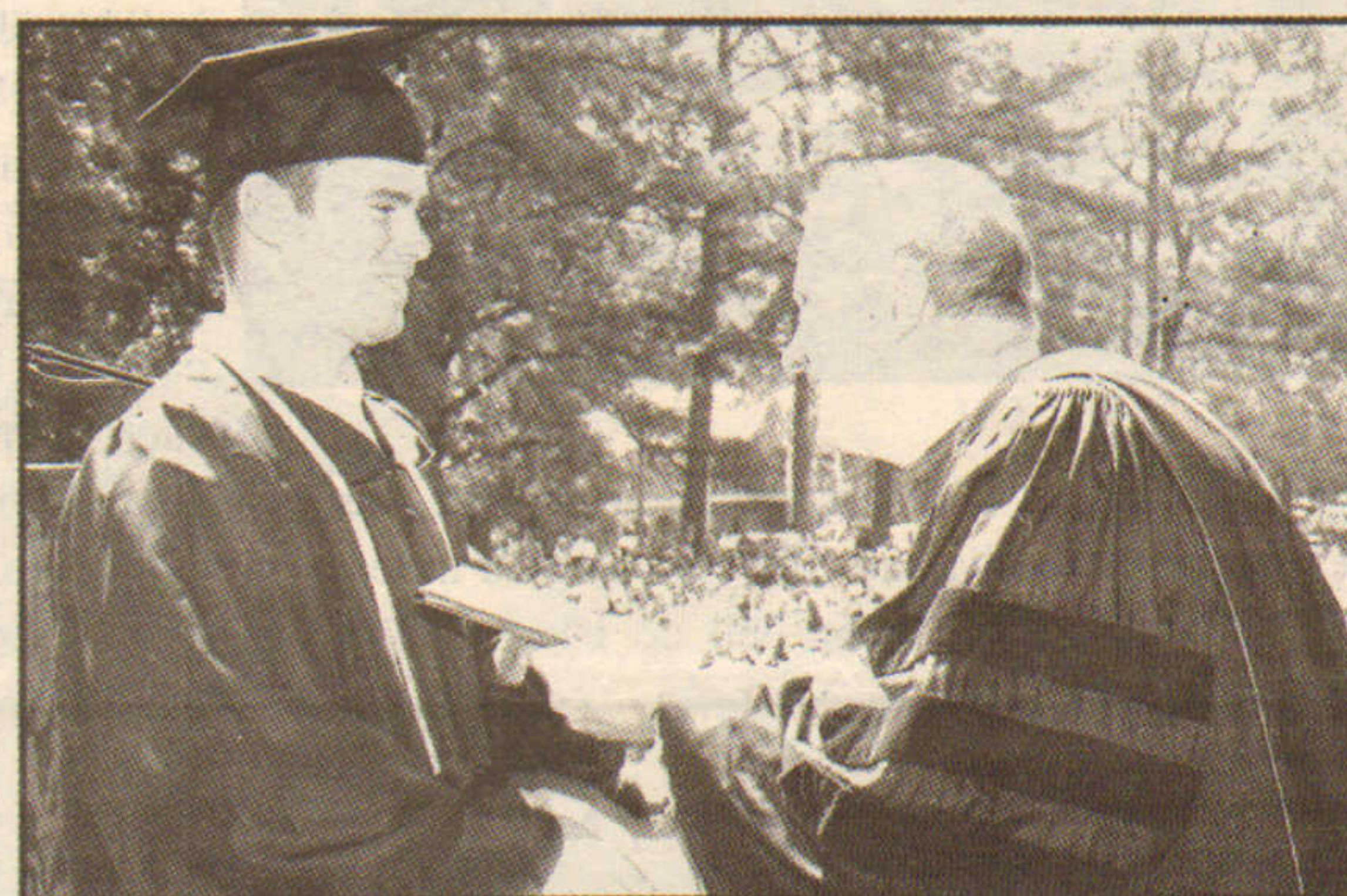
See Janie  
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Commencement at Flowerhill, spring 2004



*It's not about  
where you are,  
but where  
you're going.*

*It's not about  
who you are,  
but who you  
want to be.*



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# Creek & Trees



By Amy Marlow, a Shelton student

## Despair

By Tammi Ritchie, a SSCC student

Depression, despair and hopelessness,  
Are emotions you can't control,  
It takes over your life,  
Keeping you from feeling truly whole.

The tears keep falling  
For no rhyme or reason,  
It matters not the location,  
Day, night or even season.

It will hit you in a second,  
Beyond your control,  
You can't stop feeling,  
It takes over your life,  
With no regard to age, sex, or reason.

People tell you to look,  
On the bright side of things,  
But that is so hard to do,  
They don't know the feelings that are  
making you blue.

Try, oh try to look deep down inside,  
To find the strength and the will,  
That will help you to find,  
The willingness to heal.

# I Was Meant to Live for So Much More

By Elizabeth Truelove,  
a Shelton Student

"We were meant to live for so much more, have we lost ourselves," rocked me to sleep one late Sunday night in May on my way home from my sister's college graduation in Thomasville, Georgia.

Suddenly, I awoke to the sound of my brand new tires skidding off the shoulder, sliding and weaving down an embankment.

My sports utility vehicle finally came to a stop in the trunks of two beautiful oak trees, barely missing a city-owned electrical unit.

Since I was awake the entire time, the memory has been etched into my mind forever. The engine was steaming and smoking like an old coal-burning train. The smell of the deployed airbag was thick and burned my nostrils. The events that ensued were miraculous, nevertheless.

As I realized what happened, I knew I had to get out of the car. It was pitch black and I had no source of light. I tried to reach for my cell phone, but my arm wouldn't reach. When I tried to stand, pain seared through my body as if I were a block of ice being picked at with an ice pick.

Somehow, I pushed open the passenger door, barefoot and in shock, and saw a bright light getting closer and closer. My eyes focused and I saw that the light was from a porch about two hundred feet away; I knew this was my only hope

of being rescued so I started screaming.

"Help! Help me!  
Somebody help me!"

There was no answer. I shouted again, still no answer. I prayed and asked the Lord to help me across the woods to the house, and began toward the light. I limped and crawled my way through wetness and thorns until I reached the sidewalk, shouting the whole way. As I inched closer to the door, a panicked man appeared.

"What happened?" he called out.

"I had a...a wreck!" I panted frantically.

"Come in, come in. I'll call the police," he replied.

When I entered his home, I sat down in a soft chair and looked at my legs. My blue jeans were ripped as if I had been through a paper shredder, and I saw blood. After I had been still a few minutes, the pain began to flood my body again.

While I was waiting for the police and paramedics, I called my dad in Tuscaloosa and my sister in Thomasville, Georgia. She called my mother at her hotel room; even though by that time it was close to midnight.

When the police and paramedics arrived, they asked many questions and started tending to my wounds. I remember asking if my hips were broken, if my ankle was broken, and why I was unable to feel my legs. They assured me that I would be treated well and put me in the ambu-

lance.

The highlight, if you can find one, was the ride in the ambulance. The shirt I was wearing that night was given to me by my sister.

It came from the Georgia's Junior Miss Chairman's Meeting we had been to the Saturday before the accident. I asked, really begged, the EMT not to cut it off like my jeans.

Through all of the horrible pain, I endured it while he pulled it off and saved it for me. As I entered the emergency room, I heard loud voices and felt the sting of a cold, insensitive table. My hips were throbbing and my chest was burning. On the inside, my heart was pounding ninety to nothing. I think I remember one nurse say,

"Whatever happened to her, it's a miracle she is alive."

It could have been the angel who was with me.

Lying there, lonely and scared, I felt the hand of God roll over my body. I knew that whatever injuries I had sustained, none would be life-threatening or permanent. The peace of God came over me and I fell asleep.

When I woke up this time, I saw the loving and concerned faces of my daddy and close friend, LeNora. My body was still rocked with pain, but I knew I would be alright. However horrible and traumatic the night had been, it is worth the testimony I now have that God's plan for me is to live. And not just to live, but to live for so much more.



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## Time From Page 1

from the grandfatherly oak tree beside my driveway to the infiltration of tiny blue flowers upon my lawn each spring.

As I grew, this spirit found itself repressed more and more often by the analytical mind of the developing scientist.

There is no denying the sense of awe and hope inspired by the rising sun, but until very recently, I remained quite skeptical that the same feelings of inspiration and hope could be found many places elsewhere. Then, when I least expected it, nature revealed its truth through something small yet undeniably beautiful. On the chilly Tuesday morning after Spring Break, physically exhausted and suffering from extreme jet lag, I stumbled down the steps of Allen dormitory.

It was always difficult returning from break, this time particularly since I had returned to Baylor a day late due to a flight cancellation.

I had missed all of my Monday classes, the very classes I could not afford to miss. Despite my lethargy and general grumpiness, I could not help but smile upon passing the tiny flower plot at the end of Memorial dormitory.

Starring up at me were row after row of trumpet-like, yellow blooms perched atop crisp, green stems. "Daffodils?" I thought to myself as I surveyed the seemingly endless procession of delicate soldier flowers, upright and proud as if marching into battle.

"Those were not here before." My mood was instantly uplifted as I joined my own battle march, a procession of students making our way to class.

The daffodils in my own back yard, like good friends, had always been there. Although usually lying dormant within the soil, when the appropriate time finally came each year, the yellow trumpets burst forth from the cold ground to announce the arrival of spring. Daffodils are consistent and strong. Those in my back yard were planted when I was a very young child and never fail to bloom.

The following morning seemed bitterly cold as I hurried to chemistry class. Even though I had a limited time to make it to class, I stopped

dead when I reached the flower patch. Gone were the vibrant yellows of yesterday, replaced by dull brown remnants of beauty.

The daffodils were dead. I trudged forward in despair; the flower grave yard behind me seemed a perfect representation of my wavering hope for the future. I have chosen an impossible path; very few students who begin the march through undergraduate school in hopes of someday becoming a doctor actually achieve this difficult goal. I was already struggling to achieve the high grade point average required by medical schools. My dream now seemed impossible.

That afternoon, when my realistic thoughts had left me hopeless, and I had accepted that I may be forced to give up like so many before me already had, I noticed that one daffodil remained. One small, pale, yellow blossom held onto life through the harsh reality of the unpredictable Texas climate. One week later, he still remains steadfast and alive among the sea of flower corpses.

This special flower had endured the chill of night and the scorching heat of each day; nothing he faced could overcome his enduring spirit of perseverance.

Upon my own difficult path, I often feel like the only thing keeping me going is my own stubborn pride and refusal to accept anything less than exactly that which I had originally set out to accomplish.

Yet, when I find myself struggling to stay above the strict requirements for medical school admissions, my hope fades a little more.

From this time forward, when I am wavering upon the threshold between success and failure, I will remember the daffodil that refused to die.



By Devon Holmes,  
a Shelton student

## A Wedding Poem From Page 1

Love's witness to friends gathered around: that is why we say "I do."  
Riches, health, good luck or bad--anything the world may bring:  
A raise, promotion, job loss or demotion--doesn't mean a thing.  
It's two lives' adventure, one long shared meal, sips from the same cup,  
A wink across the table, a running joke between us until our time is up.  
Friendship that lasts through everything--those kind are precious few.  
Our mates are our best friends: so that is why we say "I do."

*We witness this commitment, and vow our friendships' hand.  
We mark this love's completion, as each exchanges a wedding band.  
In times to come--even the passing of this age, this way of life  
Strengthens the knowledge that it's love that dignifies the constant strife.  
L'amour, l'amour: we pledge to all, and hope with each day renew  
It's love, makes the world go 'round: and so, with them, we say "I do."*

Before all of you we promise a life together, without the psychic fees.  
Birds don't make reservations to stay in their loved ones' trees.  
Our love will stay young inside as, the better alternative, our bodies grow old.  
A lawfully wedded man and woman, now in legal parlance told.  
As witness to the universe, to each of you and whatever you hold true,  
We present ourselves a united couple: and that is why we say "I do."



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## *I See My Heart with Wings*

By Vera Turner, a Shelton student

*Through the eyes of a Holocaust child before entering the gas chamber with her parents and then seeing them again in heaven.*

I come to a place where I know my heart will be free,  
I see lots of people, people that look like me.  
We all gather around and try to smile,  
But then that smile is turned into a frown.  
My mom looks at me and my father too,  
Wait, he has tears in his eyes as he turns my hand loose.  
Mom starts to wait but she does it quietly inside,  
Because my father is no longer with us his face I see, he is trying to hide.  
Why I ask, why is father hiding and moving away from us,  
I see men with guns, O Lord, it's the enemy.  
Later that day my mom and I were to take a shower,  
We both walked into this room that seemed no more than an hour.  
I see darkness, and then light come in,  
I see my mother and father and they are smiling again.  
I see beautiful colors, light and white things,  
I look up and see my heart with wings.

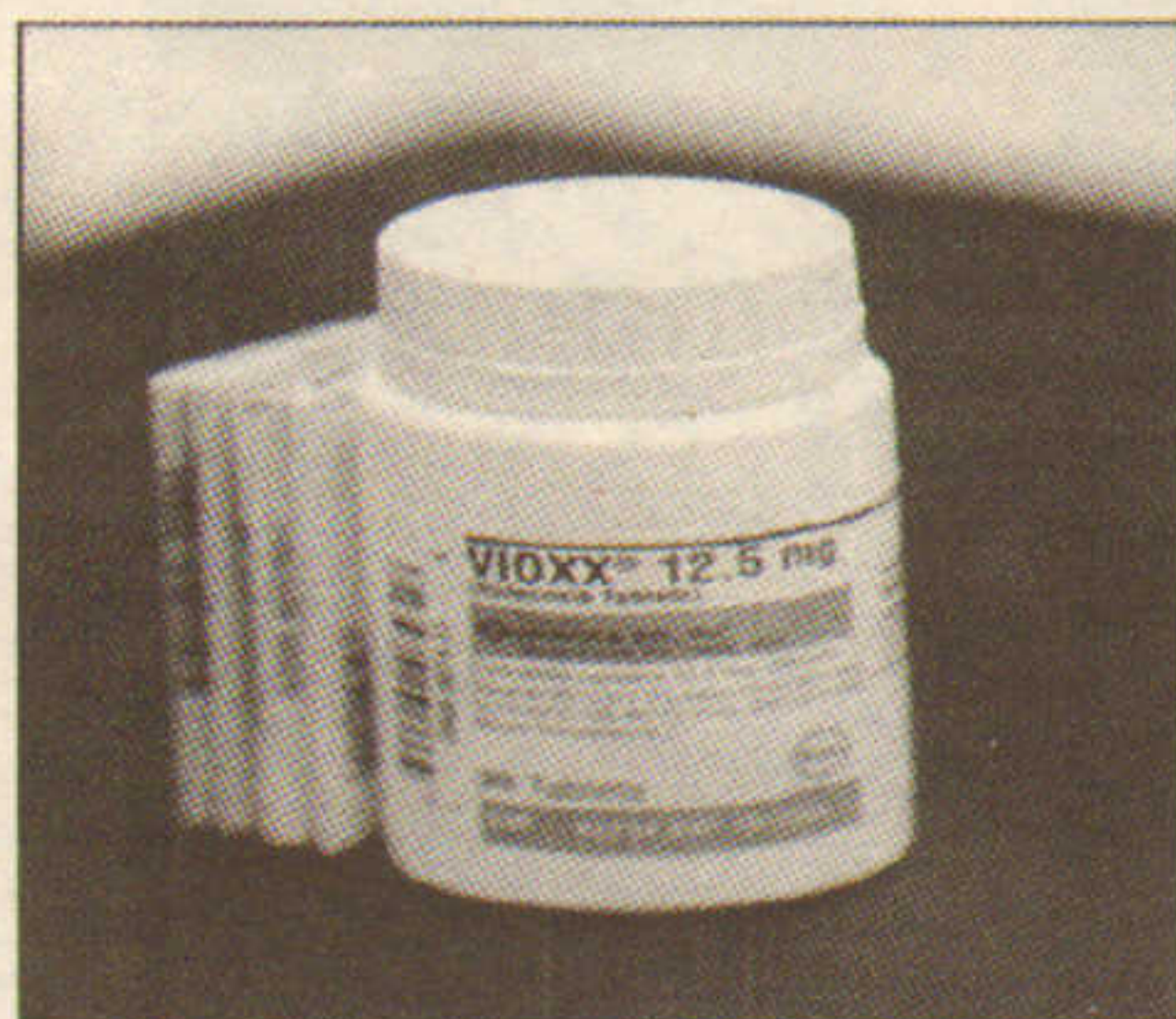
## *i'm not "fine"*

By Chris McNac

they lower the net after every circus  
just to keep the crowd in suspense.  
and so here we are.  
watching a red and white world falling down around  
us.  
and just our luck, all those clowns survived the melee.  
but i guess that's okay.  
the highwire snapped as i committed my foot.  
and on my way down, i look around  
and the net's nowhere to be seen.  
it's being cleaned.  
the last victim made a mess of things.  
and the big top's caught fire,  
and the exits are jammed with vending machines.  
and oblivious ladies still mingling.  
and i push my way through the crowd  
making fools of the clowns,  
there is always a backdoor somewhere around.  
so, just don't unlock your hand from mine,  
because i am colder now,  
and i'm not "fine."

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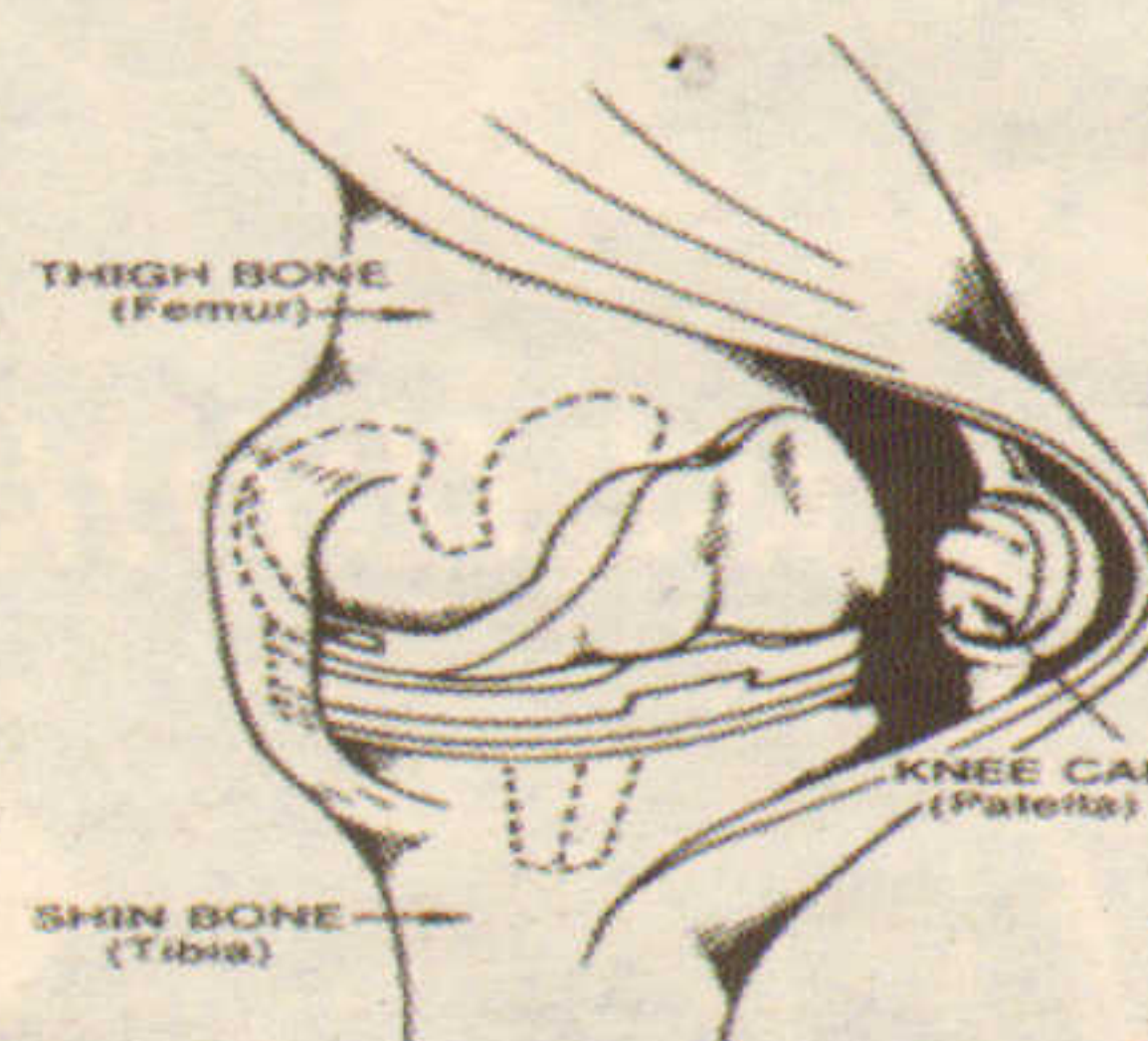
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## Janie

### From Page 4

Janie was laughing at both of them. She had come to the party with her sister and did not know anyone else there. Nonetheless, she had filled her cup up at the keg bar at least three times and was having a great time watching everyone. A lot of the people at the party reminded her of her friends back in Tennessee, and the party was a close image of her high school years. Janie's eyes brightened, and she felt like a teenager again.

Janie was visiting her sister for the weekend. Janie was relieved to be away from her job as an editor at *The Nashville Times*. At 32, she was the youngest there, and the stress was tremendous. Life had been so fast-paced lately that she felt like she was just getting to relax and have some fun.

Janie found a chair, far away from the fire, sat back and smiled. Tonight she had wore her hair down, a change from her usual work look. Her blonde hair hung bent over the back of the cloth chair. Her tanned skin radiated.

She had not noticed, but her name had passed through the small groups like wildfire. The groups of women discussed how haughty Janie obviously was, and the guys discussed everything they saw about her.

"Hey Janie," her sister said from across the yard.

Janie waved still smiling with content.

A woman, observing Janie wave, whispered to her girlfriend. The friend started towards Janie. "Did you just wave at my boyfriend?"

"Nope, just my sister over there," said Janie still smiling.

"Oh no. Get up out of that chair. You are not going to come up in here acting like you're something, thinking you're gonna get my man."

"Are you serious? I don't even know who you're man is," said Janie as those not-so-pleasant feelings from her high school days rushed back.

The girl moved closer to Janie; someone yelled "Hit her."

Janie's face grew red and she could feel the burning in her cheeks.

The arms she felt seize her seemed strong and forceful. Janie moved with them with-

out resistance. She thought that she must have forgotten how to physically fight. "I am so sorry," he said as he pulled her away. "I am *really* sorry. I'm the boyfriend that she's never even dated."

Janie was speechless. She really wanted to relax and enjoy the evening, but could she...

Janie's sister lifted a beer. "Welcome back Janie!" she yelled across the yard.

Janie laughed loudly and slumped in her chair.

Suddenly, a frown turned into a goofy grin. "It's great to be home!" she called back.



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